

A Thrilling Story of How James V. Escaped From a Trap Set For Him By Catherine Douglas.

ROBERT BARR Copyright, 1903

firmly on his throne. He was at peace with England, friendly with France, and was pledged to take a wife from that country. His great-grandfather, James II. had crushed the Black Douglas, and he himself had scattered the Red Douglas to exile. No Scottish noble was now powerful enough to threaten the sta-bility of the throne. The country was contented and prosperous, so James might well take his pleasure as best pleased him. If any danger jurked near him it was unseen and unthought of.

The King, ever first in the chase, whether the quarry ran on four logs or on two, found himself alone on the road leading northwest from Stirling, having outstripped his comrades in their hunt of the deer. Evening was falling and James being some miles from Stirling Castle,

legs or on two, found himself alons on the road leading northwest from Bitrling, having outstripped his comrades in their hunt of the deer. Evening was falling and James being some-miles from Bitrling (asstio, raised his bugle to his lips to call together his seattered followers, but before a blast broke the silliness life Majesty was accorded by a woman who cherged suddenly and unnoticed from the forest on his left and.

"My Lord, the King," she said, and her voice, like the sound of silver bells, thrilled with a note of inquiry.

Yes, my lassie," answered the young man, peering down at his questioner, lowering his bugle, and reining in his frightened horse, which was startled by the sudden appartion before him. The dusk had not yet so far thickened, but the King could see that his interlocuter was young and strikingly beautiful. Although dressed in the garb of the lower orders, there was a quiet and imposing dignity in her demoaner as she stood there by the side of the road. Her head was uncovered, the shawl she were over it having slipped down to her shoulders, and her abundant hair, unknotted and unribboned, was ruddy as spun gold. Her complexion was dazzlingly fair, her eyes of the deepest blue, and her features perfection, except that her small mouth showed a trille too much firmness, a quality which her strong but finely molded chin corroborated and emphasized. The King, ever a comoisseur of womanly loveliness, almost held his breath as he gazed down upon the comely face upturned to him.

"They told me at Stirling," she said, "that you were hunting through this district, and I have been searching for you in the forest."

"Good hawens, girl!" cried the King; "lave you welked all the way from Stirling?"

"The King was a word with Your Majesty."

"On the succession of the succession of the succession of the men, but the stillness seemed to increase with the darkness, and the silence was profound, not even the rustle of a leaf disturbing it.

"And who, my sirl, are you?" continued the King, noticing that her

of Doune."

"But my followers are all of them old enough to look after themselves," objected the King, "and the constable is not likely to leave Bilring, where he has remained these many months."

"The Lady Margaret thought," persisted the girl, "that if your retinue returned to Stirling and learned of your continued absence anxiety would ensue, and a search might be undertaken that would extend to Doune."

would ensue, and a search might be undertaken that would extend to Doune."
"How did my lady mother know I was hunting when you could not have learned of my excursion until you reached Stirling?" asked the King, with a glimmer of that caution which appeared to have deserted him.

King, with a glimmer of that caution which appeared to have deserted him.

The girl seemed somewhat nonplussed by the question, but she answered presently with quiet deliberation:

"Her ladyship was much perturbed and feared I should not find you at the castle. She gave me various instructions, which she trusted I could accommodate to varying spollingmones."

"My girl," said the King, leaning toward her, "you do not speak like a serving maid. What is your harm?

"I have been a gentle-strain, its." the answered, simply; "but women, alas! cannot control their fortunes. My hame is Catherins, I will now forward to Doune and wait for you at the further side of the new bridge the tailor has built over the Teith. If you will secure your horse somewhere before coming to the river and meet me there on foot I will conduct you to the castle. Will you come?"

"Of a surety," cried the King in a loud tone that left no doubt of his intentions. "I shall overtake you long before you are at the bridge." As he said this the girl fied away in the darkness, and then he releed his bugle to his lips and blew a blast that speedily brought answered calls.

his bugle to his lips and blew a blast that speedily brought answered calls.

James's unexplained absences were so frequent that his announcement of an intention not to return home that hight caused no surprise among his company; so, bidding him good night, they cantered off toward Stirling, while he, unaccompanied, set his face to the northwest and his spurs to the horse's fanks, but his steed was already tired out and could not now keep pace with his impatience. To his disappointment he did not overtake the girl, but found her waiting for him at the new bridge, and logether they walked the short half mile to the castle. The young man was inclined to be conversational, but the girl made brief replies and finally besought his silence.

The night had proved exceedingly dark, and they were almost at the castle before its huge bulk loomed blackly before them. There was something so sinister in its dim, grim contour that for the first time since he set out on this night adventure a suspicion that he was acting unwisely crossed the King's mind.

bull, he meditated, it was his mother's own castle, the constable of which was a warm friend of his—almost, as one might say, a relative, for Stuart was the younger brother of his mother's husband, so what coulls be amiss with this visit?

"You are not taking me to the main entrance," he whispered.

"You are not taking me to the main entrance," he whispered.

"But the postern door is situated in the wall high above my reach; it is intended for the exit of a possible messenger during a siege and not for the entrance of a most it. for the entrance of a guest.'

it is intended for the exit of a possible messenger during a slege and not for the entrance of a guest."

"I am acting in accordance with my instructions," replied the girl. A rope ladder descends from the postern door,"

"A rope ladder! That sounds promising; will you ascend it?"

"Yes, sire, but meanwhile I implore Your Majesty to be silent."

The King said no more until the rope ladder was in his hand.

"I hope it is strong," he murmured.

Then he mounted lightly up in the darkness, until he stood on the sill of the narrow doorway, when he reached forward his hand to assist his slower comrade in mounting, but she sprung past him without availing herself of his aid. In a low voice she begged pardon for preceding him. They walked up and up a winding staircase, on whose steps there was barely room for two to passe each other. She pushed open a door and allowed some light to stream through on the turret stair, which disappeared in the darkness still furturer aloft.

The King found himself in a large square apartment, either on the first or second story. It appeared in some sort to be a lady's boudoir for the benches were cushioned and comfortable, and there were evidences about on small tables of tapestry work and other needle employment recently abandoned.

"Will Your Majesty kindly be seated?" said the girl. "I must draw up the ladder, close the postern door, and then inform my lady that you are here."

are here."

She went out by the way they had entered and shut the door with a force that seemed to the King unnocessary, but he caught his breath an instant later as his quick ear seemed to tell him a bolt had fallen. He rose at once, tried to open the door and discovered it was indeed barred on the outside. One other exit remained to be tested; a larger door, evidently communicating with another room or passage; that also he found locked, and he returned to the middle of the room and stood there for a few minutes with knitted brow.

"Trapped, Jamie, my lad! Trapped!" he muttered to himself, "Now what object can my mother have in this? Does she expect by such childish means to resume her authority over me? Does she hope that her third husband shall rule Scotland in my name as did her second, with me a prisoner? By Saint Andrew, no!"

The King seized a bench, raised it over his head and crashed it in bits against the larger door with a noise that reverberated through the castle.

"Open!" he oried. "Open Instantive"

castle, "Open!" he cried. "Open instantly!"
Then he paused, awaiting the result of his fury. Presently he thought

HE KING RULED. There was none to question the supre-macy of James V. At the age of twenty-two he new sa the huge key turned slowly in the lock. The door opened, and to his the huge key turned slowly in the lock. The door opened, and to his amazement he saw standing before him with wide frightened eyes, his guide, but dressed now as a lady.

"Madam," said the King sternly, "I ask you the meaning of this

rleasantry," she repeated; "that is a question I may well ask the huge from key, alert to run it this handsome maniao, strewn around by the wreckage of the bench he had broken, attempted to lay hands

on her.

"Pleasantry," echoed the girl, staring at him with her hand upon you. Who are you, sir, and what are you doing here?"

"Who I am, and what I am doing here, you very well know, because you brought me here. A change of garb does not change a well remembered face," and the King bowel to his visitor with a return of his customary courtiness, now that his suspicions were allayed, for he knew ow to deal with pretty women. "Madam, there is no queen in Scotland but you are queen by right of nature, and though you doff your gown, you cannot change your golden crown."

The girl's hand unconsciously went up to her ruddy hair, while she murmured more to herself than to him—

"This is some of Catherine's work."

"Catherine was your name in the forest, my lady, what is your name in the castle?"

"I'sabel is my name ir gastle and forest alike. You have met my

in the castle?"

"Isabel is my name in castle and forest alike. You have met my twin sister, Catherine. Wity has she brought you here?"

"Like an obedient son, I am here at the command of my honorable mother; and your sister—if, indeed, goddesses so strangely fair, and so strangely similar can be two persons—has gone to acquaint my mother

strangely similar can be two persons—has gone to acquaint my mother of my arrival."

The girl's alarm seemed to increase as the King's diminished. Trouble, dismay and fear marred her perfect face, and as the King scrutinized her more minutely, he saw that the firm mouth and the resolute cnin of her sister had no place in the more softened and womanly features of the lady before him.

"Your mother? Who is she?"

"First, Margaret Tudor, daughter of the King of England; second, Margaret Stuari, wife of the King of Scotland; third, Margaret Douglas, ill mate of the Earl of Angus; fourth, and let us hope finally, Margaret Stuart again, spouse of Lord Methyen and owner of this casile."

The girl swayed as if she would fall, all color struck suddenly from

"Then I charge you as a loyal subject of the lawful King to guide from this stronghold into which I have been cozened by treachery and falsehood."

Catherine, who had entered silently and unnoticed through the smallhuge key, closed the door and locked it, then turned forcely to the King.

er door, now stepped forward, drew her sister into the room, took out the huge key, closed the door and locked it, then turned forcely to the Kirg. Her beautiful white right arm was bare to the clow, the loose sleeve rolled up, and in her hand she held a dagger. With her back against the newly locked door she said:

"Till be Your Majesty's guide from this castle and your perjured soul shall find exit through a postern gate made by my dagger!"

"Oh, Catherine, Catherine," sobbed Isabel, weeping in fear and horror of the situation, "you cannot contemplate so awful a deed, a murder so foul, for however unworthy he may be, he is still the King."

"What is there foul in ridding the world of a reptile such as he? How many innocent lives has he taken to encompass his revenge? How many innocent lives has he taken to encompass his revenge? How many innocent lives has he taken to encompass his revenge? How many now of our name are exiled and starving because of his action? I shall strike the blow with greater surety, for in killing him I extinguish his treacherous race."

"No good can come from assassination, Catherine."

"What greater evil can spring from his death than from his life?"

"His killing will not bring back those whom he has slain; it will not cause our banished kinsmen to return. It will be a murder for revenge."

"And not the first in Scotland." said Catherine grimly!

The King had once more seated himself and now, reating his chin on his open palm, listened to the discussion with the interest bearing of one who had little concern with its result. A half amused smile wreathed his lips, and once or twice he made a motion as if he would intervene, but on second thought kept silent.

"Do not attempt this fell deed, dear sister," pleaded Isabel earnestly. "Let us away as we intended. The horses are ready and walting for us. Our mother is looking for our coming in her room. The night wears on and we must pass Stirling while it is yet dark, so there is no time to be lost. Dear sister, let us quit it with unstatn

James-and a Catherine Douglas here relation to each other in somewhat similar circumstances?

The King paused, but the girl, lowering at him, made no reply, and after a few moments the young man went on,

"It was a year more than a century ago when the life of James L was not only threatened, but extinguished not by one brave woman, but by a mob of cowardly assassins. Then Catherine Douglas nearly saved the life of her King. She thrust her fair young arm into the Iron loops of a door and had it shattered by those craven miscreants."

Isabel wept quietly, her face in her two open hands. But Catherine

Why did the Catherine Douglas of that day risk her life to save the King? Because James L was a just monarch. Why does the Catherine of to-day wish to thrust her dagger into the false heart of James Because he has turned on the hand that nurtured him-

"The hand that imprisoned him, Lady Catherine. Pardon my cor-

"He turned on the man who governed Scotland wisely and well." "Again pardon me. He had no right to govern. I was the King, not Archibald Douglas. But all that is beside the question and recrimination is as bad as sentiment for clouding cold reason. What E wish to point out is that assassination of kings or the capture of them very rarely accomplishes its object. James I. was assassinated, and as a result two Stuarts, two Grahams and two Chamberses were tortured and executed; so his murderers profited little. My grandfathen, James III., was carried off by the Boyds, but Sir Alexander Boyd was beheaded and his brother and nephew suffered ferfeiture. I think have shown, then, that violence is usually futile."

"Not so," answered Catherine, "Your grandfather was assassinated and the man who killed him is not known to this day. Your great-grandfather basely murdered the Black Douglas in Stirling, thus breaking his word of honor, for he had given Douglas safe conduct, yet

breaking his word of honor, for he had given Douglas and Stirling, thus breaking his word of honor, for he had given Douglas safe conduct, yet he profited by his act and crushed my kinsman."

"If see, Lady Catherine, that you are too well versed in history for me to contend with you successfully on that subject," said the King, with a silent laugh. "We will, therefore, restrict the inquiry to the present case, as wise people should. Tell me, then, so that I may be the better able to advise you, what is your true object—revenge and my death or the wringing from me of concessions for your family"

"I could not wring concessions from you, because you could not make good those concessions unless I released you. I dare not release you, because I dare not trues you."

"I foresaw your difficulty, and so I told your sister that, having gone so far, you could not retreat. The Issue is, therefore, narrowed downs to death and how it may best be accomplished. You have made the tactical mistake of forewarning me. I cannot understand why you did not mount my horse beside me and stab me in the back as we rode through the forest. Did this not occur to you, Lady Catherine?"

"It did, but there were objections. Your horse would doubtless have escaped me and would have gailoped riderless to Stirling; your bedy would have been found by break of day, and we but a few hours' march from Stirling. Here I expect you to lie undiscovered in this locked room till we are safe in England."

"That is clear reasoning," commented the King, impartially; "but have neither brother nor sister; my two uncles died before I was born lips the hand which at one time seemed like to have arricken him. tinguish our line. Very well: What follows? Who is heir to the throne?" It matters nothing to me," said Catherine, firmly. "Whoever rules"

inse the hand which at one time seemed like to have stricken him. the property of the property of the property of the property of the property. It matters nothing to mo!" and Catherine firmly. "Whoever rules Scotland could not be a greater enemy to my race than you are." "It matters nothing to mo!" and catherine firmly. "Whoever rules Scotland could not be a greater enemy to my race than you are." "It am not so sure of that. I think your dagger blow will bring consequences you do not look for, and that your lith, now willed in Engly panic-stricken, while in Catherine's face anger struggled with chagric, claim to the Scottish turone. Be that as it may, it will be no secret stem king of England is my uncle and on this relationship may lay that a Douglas committed the murder. And think you Henry VIII. will offer safe refuge to his nophew's assassin. You much misjudge him if you do. It would have been far better to have slain me in the forest. This castle business is but an ill-judged, ill thought out plan. I am sorry to appear adversely critical, but such is my opinion, and it confirms me in the belief that women should leave steel and Biate alone." "I dare not let you go." releterated Catherine.

"Of a surety you dare not; that is what I have said from the beginning. On the other hand, I can make no concession, under coercion, that would save my life. You see, we are both cowardly, each in a different way. And now having come to the absolutely logical conclusion that Lie king must die, you should turn your mind to the difficulties that confront you. I, you see, am also armed."

The King as he spoke took from his doublet a dagger almost similar to the one held by the girl. A greate smile graced his lips as he rar There is, furthermore, another sources of danger against you, and it is thumb along the edge. and then glanced up at the two in time to the one held by the girl. A greate smile graced up in the two in time to the one held by the girl. A greate smile graced up in the forest property of the property of the

once more. James again entered the apartment and gazed down upon two fair proud heads, crowned with ruddy hair.

"Dear ladies," said the King, "forgive me my untimely mirth. Both of you take matters much too seriously; a little laughter is necessary in this world. My Lady Catherine, I told you that I could grant no concessions under coercion, but now coercion has venished and I enter this room a free mean of my own will. Tell me, my girl, what is it you want? The resoluting of your father's exile? It is granted. The right to live unmolested in your own castle? It is granted. Safe conduct to England? It is granted. The privilege of remaining in Doune? It is granted. But do not ask me to resolud hanishment again archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, for that I shall not conceds. The Douglas ambition, and not the Soutish King, has wrecked the Douglas familly, both Black and Red. But as far as concerns your own immediate kin, with one exception, I shall give you anything you like to ask."

Catherine rose to her feet threw back her auburn trasses, and said ourly:

ourlly: "We ask nothing but the privilege of leaving the country you rule."

"We ask nothing but the product of the King bowed.

"And you, Lady Isabel?"

"I go with my sister and mother."

"I griave at your decision, ladles, and for the first time in my life
"I griave at your decision, ladles, and for the first time in my life "I grieve at your decision, isdues, and for the first time in my life envy England in getting an advantage over poor old Scotland, which I hope will not be irreparable, for I trust you will return. But if such be your determination, then go in peace and in the day light. Your journey shall not be molested by ma. But, before you add finality to your intentions. I think it would be but fair to inform your lady mother that the King, is anxious to be of service to her, and perhaps she may be content to accept what her daughters are apparently too proud to re-

James placed the key once more in the lock, and turning to Catherine

said.

"My fair antagonist, I bid you good night."

He stretched out his right hand, and she, with some hesitation and visible reluctance placed her palm in his. Then the King raised to his and I parish childless. I think you mentioned that you wished to ex"And you, sweet Isabel, whose gentle words I shall not soon forget, you will not refuse me your hand?"

"No, Your Majesty, if you will promise to think kindly of me."

The King, however, did not raise her hand to his lips, but placing an arm about her walst he drow her toward him and kissed her. Next moment he was surrying down the stone steps and the two were laft alone together.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox



"The king seized a bench, raised it over his head and crashed it in bits against the heavier door."

her face. She leaned, nearly fainting, against the stone wall, passing at the postern step you will find the rope ladder by which I ascend. once or twice across her terror-filled eyes. "Great God!" she meaned, "do not tell me that you are James, King

plone, in this den of Douglases!!"

"Douglas!" oried the King, roused at the hated name. "How can there be Douglases in the Castle of Doune; my mother's house, con-

there be Douglases in the Castle of Doune; my mother's house, constabled by my friend, young Stuart."

"Your mother's house?" said the girl with an uncanny laugh. "When has the Lady Margaret set foot in Doune? Not since she was divorced from my uncle. Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, and the constable. Aye, the constable is in Stirling. Doune Castle stands gloomy and alone, but in Stirling with the young kind, there are masques and hunting and gayety. Young Stuart draws the revenues of his charge, but pays slight atention to the minimum of his duty."

"You are, then, Isabel Douglas? And now, to echo your own question, how came you here! If this is a den of Douglases, as you say, how comes my mother's castle to be officered by the enemies of her son?"

That you ask such a question shows little foresight or knowledge

of men. When your first stepfather and my uncle, Archibald Douglas, had control of this eastle through your mother's name he filled it with his own adherents."

"Naturally, named an was a wall-known trott of my domineering

his own adherents."

"Naturally; nepotism was a well-known traft of my domineering stepfather, which did not add to his popularity in Sociland. Who can get office or justice against a Douglas? was their cry. But did not yonug Stuart, when he was made constable, put in his own men?"

"The constable cares nothing for this stronghold so long as it furnishes money which he may spend gayly in Stirling."

"I see. So you and your sister found refuge among your underlings? And where so safe from search as within the King's mother's own fortress, almost under the shadow of Stirling? An admirable device. Why, then, do you jeopardize your safety by letting me into the secret?"

The girl signed deeply with downcast aveauther shad geshed a glance.

secret?"

The girl sighed deeply with downcast eyes; then she flashed a glance at him which had something in it of the old Douglas hauteur.

'I fear,' she said "that it is not our safety which is jeopardized."

"You mean that I am in danger?"

"The same stronghold which gives immunity to a family of the Red Douglas can hardly be expected to confer security upon James V., their persecutor."

"No. Certainly that would be too much to expect. Are you, then, in this plot against me, my lady?"
"I have not heard of any plot. If there is one, I know nothing of it. I merely acquaint you with some hint of my fears."

Get you to the courtyard and there wait for me, say nothing." "Catherine, Catherine, the King will pardon you. He will surely

forgive what you have done in exchange for his life." "Forgiveness!" cried Catherine, her eyes blazing again. 'I want no

forgiveness from the King of Scotland. Pardon! The tiger would pardon till once he is free again. The King must die." "I shall go as you have bld me, Catherine, but not to do your

bidding. I shall arouse this castle and prevent an abominable crima

Ctherine laughed harshly.

'Whom would you call to your assistance? Douglases, Douglases, Douglases! How many of your way of thinking will you find in the castle? You know well, one only, and that is our mother, old and helpless. Rouse the castle, Isabel, if you will, and find a dead man, and perhaps a dead sistor, when you break in this locked door."

The helpless Isabel sank her head against the wall and burst into a fury of wacoing.

The helpless label sank her head against the helpless label sank her head against the fury of weeping.

"Ladles," said the King, soothingly, rising to his feet, "will you graciously condone my intervention in this dispute? You are discussing an important act, from the commission of which all sentiment should be eliminated; an act which requires the hard, strong mind of a man brought to bear upon the pros and cons of its consummation. You are dealing with it entirely from the standpoint of the heart and not of the head, an error common with women, and one that has ever precluded their effective dealing with matters of State. You will pardon me lashel, when I say that your sister takes a much more practical of the situation than you do. She is perfectly right in holding having me prisoner here, it is impossible to allow me to go less. There is no greater folly than the folly of half doing a

scatthess. Tages in greater folly than the folly of that doing a thing,"

"Does Your Majesty argue in favor of your own murder?" asked Isabel, amazed, gazing at the young man through her tears.

"Not so; but still there is a consideration which I must endeavor to eliminate from my mind, if my advice is to be impartial, and of service to you. May I beg of you to be seated? We have the night before us, and may consider the various interesting points at our leisure and thus no irremediable mistake need be made."

Isabel, well nigh exhausted with the intensity of her feelings, sank upon the bench, but Catherine still stood motionless, dagger in hand, her back against the door. The King, seeing she did not intend to obey, went on suavely. There was a light of intense admiration in his eye as he regarded the standing woman.

"Ladies," he said, "can you tell me when last a King of Scotland—a

or acquired, or does it have to be born "Seek first the Kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness and all these things will

be added unto you." own sake?

Here are two things which I have long ation, sought the method for; I mean a bure "Gr

B MUST take into consideration the fact of many translators, in every ancient MS.

We must take into consideration, also, the fact that the old idea of a terrible and territying and was born of merics own with the consideration. How can one gain the spirit of seeking God was born of men's own mind, and mover inspired from the Source of Cre-"Great love casteth out fear." Get your

that essence, and you will discover you have found the Kingdom of Heaven,

have found the Kingdom of Heaven.
In some souls (rightly generated) this love is bern.
Where a man and a woman deeply, absolutely and absorbingly love each other, and a child is the result of this love, it is usually born with a religious nature, which instinctively turns in reverence and worship toward the Creator of Universal Life.
Not all people are so born, unfortunates

and make your mind passive, only asking for what you desire. Love and Reverence, they will be given.

Once your mind is filled with these sentiments, all other things shall be added.

But the strange part of it will be that you cease to care greatly for "all other things" after you find the "Kingdom of Heuven" which is in your mind and heart. You will be happy anywhere and under all conditions.

Yet whatever is added to your life you will enjoy, with a new kind of enjoyment. "Luck" will seem to come to you in many ways.

You will cease to worry and fret ever trivial or material matters.

You will grow strong and vital, and your lastes will be simple. You will new kind or will be to make the most of your explication will be to make the most of your explication. What is to the world's adventues.

Yet, should that come to you will use it to the light within you will enjoy, with a new kind of enjoyment. "Luck" will seem to come to you in many ways.

Prov., I., 7. "The fear of the Lord is method of honesty acquiring unselfishheart, mind and soul full of love of the ly, and for those who are not, doubt, Creator, and bathe your whole being in questioning and despair often take the the beginning of knowledge; * * *''
Can "the fear of the Lord" be obtained

ly, and for those who are not, doubt, questioning and despair often take the place of faith, reverence and love.

But to all such I would say, go out and look up at the stars some clear night. Bealize how many millions and billions of worlds move back beyond those which are visible to your sight.

Think of the wonderful precision and perfection in the arrangement of the solar system, and then consider how impossible it would all be unless some stimple the processing intelligence conceived and planting the processing intelligence conceived and planting the processing the state of the processing the p But to all such I would say, go out and look up at the stars some clear night. Realize how many millions and billions of worlds move back beyond those which are visible to your sight.

Think of the wonderful precision and perfection in the arrangement of the solar system, and then consider how impossible it would all be unless some stipehdous intelligence conceived and planned a dexecuted it.

But if you take a little time each day, many ways.